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VOLUME XIX    PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1946    NUMBER 9

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HEAD OF AN ELDERLY JEW BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

Charles J. Rosenbloom Collection

## CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM FREW, Editor

JEANNETTE F. SENEFF, Editorial Assistant

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 9

MARCH 1946

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### HEAD OF AN ELDERLY JEW

This model may have been one of the many refugees in Amsterdam from Spain or Portugal, because the Jewish quarter in that Dutch seaport centered on the Jodenbreestraat where stood Rembrandt's home during his most prosperous years as successful artist, art collector, and teacher.

Rembrandt took most often as model whoever was near at hand: himself; his mother and father; his wife Saskia and Hendrickje, who took her place after her death; his son Titus; the great and humble folk from the busy city. A Mennonite, he often chose Bible stories for his subjects, and his group portraits were in the fashion of the time.

*Head of an Elderly Jew* shows the artist's mastery of that subtle chiaroscuro, or shading, that gives solidarity to his oil paintings.

Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn was born in Leyden in 1606, the son of a prosperous miller and a baker's daughter. He left the University of Leyden to study painting and at twenty-five settled in Amsterdam, flourishing center for the overseas trade of the East India Company as well as for the intellectual life of Holland.

To his inexhaustible flow of ideas he brought unceasing industry and he is credited with some 700 paintings and nearly 300 etchings, the latter perhaps more important since in their endless variety of subject his inventive genius was given free play. The present showing of the Charles J. Rosenbloom collection at the Carnegie Institute includes thirty Rembrandt prints in addition to this portrait in oil.

Rembrandt's death in 1669 ended a period that has been described as "triumph and degradation." The fine home of his materially successful days was opened as the Rembrandt Museum in 1906.

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The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service, is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

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- 9—"Nineteenth Century American Composers"
- 16—"Haydn and the Instrumental Style"
- 23—"Water Scenes in Music"
- 30—"Bach and the Flute"

Lucille Bauch, soprano  
Victor Saudek, flutist

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Organ Recitals by Marshall Bidwell  
Sundays at 4:00 P.M.

### FINE ARTS GALLERIES

Associated Artists of Pittsburgh  
Thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition  
—through March 14

◀▶

Paintings and Prints  
Charles J. Rosenbloom Collection  
—through March 24

◀▶

John Taylor Arms  
Thirty Years of Etching  
—through April 14

◀▶

Pittsburgh Salon of Photography  
March 22—April 21

### MUSEUM

Motion Pictures for Children  
Saturdays at 2:15 P.M., Lecture Hall

◀▶

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Display of children's books  
illustrated by  
Kate Greenaway and Randolph Caldecott  
in celebration of the two centenaries.  
Boys and Girls Room

◀▶

"Let's Go to the Moon!"  
A display from Buhl Planetarium  
Central Lending

◀▶

Arts and Crafts Exhibit  
by the Homemaking Class of  
Samuel Hamilton Junior High School  
Art Division

◀▶

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## ASSOCIATED ARTISTS PRIZE WINNERS

BY NORWOOD MACGILVARY

*President, the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh*

THE annual or, rather, perennial question, "Why did the Jury choose this instead of that? If not, why not?" is heard once again at the thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh.

It is a very natural question and there is no harm in asking it provided our answer makes note of the fact that the Jury—any jury—is just a group of people—even as you and I and John Doe—whose opinion happens to be official only because of its official relation to a particular exhibition. To be sure, juries are sometimes made up of people who have been trained as artists and practice their trade. This may have given them unerring discrimination and broad outlook or may have served only to intensify their personal prejudices. Whatever the effect, a jury's opinion is at best only the composite—often a compromise—opinion of a small group.

We of the Associated Artists invite each visitor to make his own appraisal and we will furthermore concede that this personal appraisal is more valid for each than ours, or even the Jury's, could ever be. All we ask is that each concede the same right to others—including the Jury.

The Jury this year included Nicolai Cikovsky, of New York City, Russian-born artist, whose *Woman in Red* hangs in the Carnegie Institute Permanent Collection; Philip Guston, winner of the First Prize in "Painting in the United States, 1945" with his *Sentimental Moment*, who teaches at George

Washington University in St. Louis; Louis Bosa, of New York City, Italian-born artist; Chaim Gross, of New York City, sculptor; and Paul Bogatay, authority in ceramics design, professor of Fine Arts at Ohio State University.

This year the Associated Artists are sponsoring a new prize for painting, The Harvey B. Gaul Memorial Purchase Prize, offered for this year only. It is a spontaneous offering made by some of the many friends of our late distinguished and beloved fellow citizen, composer, and lover of all the arts. The Jury who selected this winner was composed of John O'Connor, Jr., B. Kenneth Johnstone, Mary Adeline McKibben, Mrs. Milton Jena, and Walter Read Hovey. The money value of the prize is \$400, and the purchased painting will eventually be placed in some appropriate setting to be later determined.

The little painting which won this prize is *Lady Day* by Richard E. Williams, a young Carnegie Tech graduate now in military service. It is our feeling that this little picture has a spiritual value out of all proportion to the small area it occupies. The theme is Christian and traditional, and so, in a way, is the rendering, but the setting, the characters, and the mood are of the present day. The best painters of religious themes have often dressed their people in current fashions and put them in contemporary settings. Here we have an ancient annunciation made to a present-day Madonna, seated on such a porch chair as might be found almost anywhere in an American town. The figures of the Angel and the Madonna, in tints of near-white, are brought out in dramatic contrast to the low-keyed, more richly colored background. The characterization in *Lady Day* would



LADY DAY BY RICHARD E. WILLIAMS  
Harvey B. Gaul Memorial Purchase Prize

seem to be quaint but not satirical.

No doubt the most controverted award in this exhibition will be that made for the Carnegie Institute Prize of \$200 for a group of two paintings, *The Wanderer* and *The Heirloom Man* by Balcomb Greene. This is the first time that one of the general prizes open to all paintings in an Associated Artists exhibition has gone to abstract work. The award should do much toward putting abstract painting on an equal footing locally with the other kinds of painting and should help to appease its practitioners who have hitherto felt a neglected, even oppressed, minority.

These two works of Balcomb Greene seem to us less purely abstract, less nonobjective, than other works of his which we have seen. They depict, or at least remind us of, objects which we can recognize. Personally, we are not sure that this is a gain, especially since the title of one, *The Heirloom Man*, tends to act on us as a sort of mental teaser, leading us astray from "pure esthetic experience"—if there is any such state. It is not enough, for us, to claim a purely abstract purpose for a represented object, such as a lady's face

or leg. The associative pull of the depicted object is too strong for the purest esthetic purpose of the painter. Some of Picasso's work distracts us in the same way by its sardonic, rather inhuman humanity. We are reminded of a remark made in *Modern French Painters* by Maurice Maynal who, in speaking of Picasso, whom he admires, says: "We no longer ask to be startled—that has been done—but to be moved by some genuinely human lyricism." With this perhaps trivial reservation we concede distinction to Balcomb Greene's prize works. They will furnish food for those who are accustomed to such epicurean diet and may be skipped by those who have not acquired a taste for their sophisticated flavors.

It speaks well for this Jury's lack of bias that, after awarding the Institute Prize to abstract work, they saw sufficient merit in Harry W. Scheuch's representational *Soho Portrait* to give it the Associated Artists First Prize of \$150. Though the subject matter of this painting is naturalistic—an alley between ramshackle buildings, junk piles,

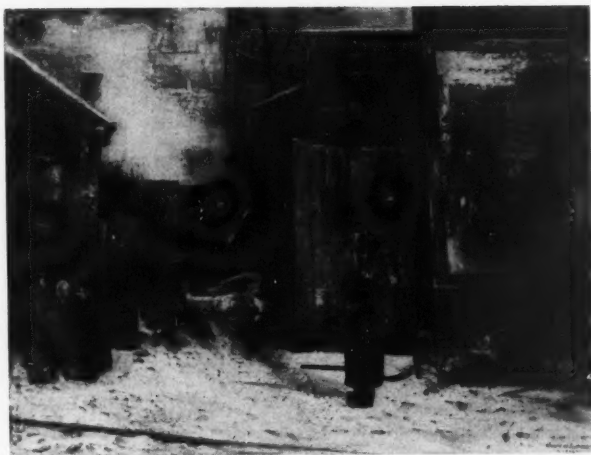


THE HEIRLOOM MAN BY BALCOMB GREENE  
Carnegie Institute Prize

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and foreground figures—the artist was able to organize out of such material, with the aid of a concealed abstract analysis, a satisfying composition enriched by a fine color harmony and a variety of interesting textures. It shows us that an artist may go slumming and yet discover something besides sordidness and tragedy, which would be the obvious thing. Again, as a contrast to some of his earlier rather brutal brushings, this more illusive, rather happy treatment shows that he is still fluid in his attitude and has not become set too soon in any formula—a hopeful augury in a young painter.

The Second Associated Artists Prize of \$100 goes to Samuel Rosenberg's *The Covenantor*. Here we have the work of an essential colorist more concerned with color and texture and abstract design than he is with the illustrative content, who still has a hankering for the flesh-pots of associative ideas. Nearly all of his recent paintings have some tragic or at least some dramatic story to tell. The effect is frequently heightened by a calculated system of distortion, kept from confusion by the broad black outlines around his main shapes and areas—a device long ago made familiar by the stained-glass-window designer. Also like that of stained glass is the effect Mr. Rosenberg gets of light transmitted through rich and glowing color, achieved by glazing pure color over white. This is the latest of several Rosenberg manners and one of his most telling. It is hard to predict what this accomplished draftsman and technician, competent to handle his medium in any style, will



SOHO PORTRAIT BY HARRY W. SCHEUCH

Association's First Prize

choose to do next. Whatever it is, it will be worth looking at.

The Association's Third Prize of \$50 was won by Louise Pershing's *He Said and She Said*. As the title suggests, the subject is two gossips, with the luminous green complexions which seem to have become a Pershing trademark, seated on a porch and shown against a background of rich browns surmounted by an awning in transparent red. The subject is humorous and the treatment whimsical. This attitude is emphasized both in the ovoid drawing of the heads and in their arbitrary coloration. Our earliest genuine thrill derived from color for its own sake was when in childhood we brooded over a batch of richly colored Easter eggs. This and one other Pershing exhibit in the present show, because of shape and color, recall with considerable nostalgic force this early experience.

The Henry Posner Prize of \$75 for a composition of two or more figures was given to Sidney Simon for his *Air Raid*, a spirited arrangement of several GIs at the disadvantage of being caught in their birthday suits at a critical moment. The treatment, even to the con-



AIR RAID BY SIDNEY SIMON  
Henry Posner Prize

trast between tanned and untanned skin, is free naturalism, academically sound in drawing, and painted with a loose brush. The composition is rather loosely knit also, but for that very reason perhaps conveys better the feeling of hurried dispersion, and the Devil take the hindmost. The color is in a scheme of reserved browns and tempered blues.

The Martin Leisser School of Design Alumnae Prize for a still life in oil not previously exhibited, amounting to \$100, honors *The Flight of a Stuffed Bird* by Marty Cornelius. To our notion this is an excellent work by one of the two talented sisters who are exhibiting, and is well deserving of the award. The design is accomplished by the use of objects light in color—fan, figurine, bird—placed on and against a black lace dress, which in turn is seen against the background of a pale yellowish-green wall, on which is hung a Degas print. All the many dainty details are skillfully handled and make for, rather than detract from, the unity and the clarity of the canvas as a whole.

Coming back to the Abstract Room, we find that the Jury awarded the Edgar J. Kaufmann Prize for an Ab-

stract Painting to *Forms in Space* by Gertrude Temeles. The amount of the prize is \$75. This is a purely non-objective work whose color scheme is in a major key, with the dominant note of red, supported by yellowish-browns and blues, deployed against a background area of rather flat grey. The scheme is positive without being harsh or strident. Although mentioned in the title, the space in this picture is much less apparent than the forms. In fact, the space to us seems a bit impenetrable.

Frederick Franck, recently out of the Army, gets the Christian J. Walter Prize for Local Subject and \$50 for his *Pittsburgh from the Boulevard*. Against a bluish, cloudy, and windy sky is seen the green copper dome of the Church of The Immaculate Heart of Mary and a row of reddish-brown buildings clambering up the hill. In the foreground is an area of green grass and shrubbery, shot through with browns. There is much virtuosity in the brushing, and the general effect is one of freshness and spontaneity—in our estimation an excellent and appropriate choice for this particular prize.

The Garden Club of Allegheny County Prize for a floral subject, amounting to \$50, was given to Dorothy Seder's *Summer Time*, a gay piece of color composed of strong foreground green, brown teapot and flower piece against a yellow hat and pale blue-green wall.

The Water Color section of the exhibition is larger this year than ever before. The Charles J. Rosenbloom Award of \$75 for the best Water Color singles out *Slag Hill* by Milton Weiss, a composition of sober, rather melancholy blues, broken by bits of brown and black. Weaving among the vertical poles are the curved tracks which make their contribution to the fluidity and

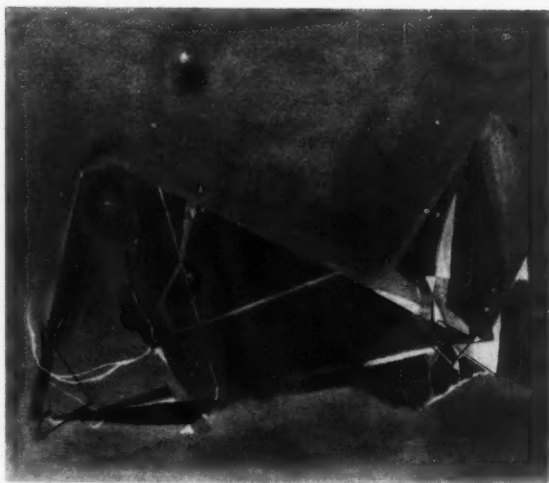


CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

movement of the design. Not a pretty subject, nor softly handled, but sensitive and vital.

Charlotte Feldstein Friedlander, with her *Barber Shop*, takes home the Associated Artists First Prize in Water Color, and the \$50 that goes with it. This is a quaint bit of Americana, interesting for its seeming naiveté and its precise cataloguing of all the items of the barber shop's paraphernalia, including the inevitable *Police Gazette* that is helping the soldier to pass the time while waiting his turn in the chair. We would class *Barber Shop* with the neo-primitive in art.

C. Kermit Ewing receives the Associated Artists Second Prize for Water Color, and \$25. This time *Storm a'brewin'*



FORMS IN SPACE BY GERTRUDE TEMELES

Edgar J. Kaufmann Prize

does the trick. We say "this" time, because prize winning has become a sort of habit with this artist. There is something in his work that appeals not only to the average painting fan, but at the same time takes the eye of the prize jury. The subject of this picture, well described in the title, is a moorland scene brooded over by black and grey storm clouds. The authentically somber mood awakens a not-unpleasant melancholy response in those attuned to the harshness of our northern clime.

To Marie Louise Ritter is awarded the fifty-dollar Ida Smith Memorial Prize for *Sediments of the Past*, which is a washy—but not wishy-washy—water color of a rainy-day subject treated conservatively yet fluently and fluidly, perhaps even a little too fluidly for the bricks at the base of one of the buildings. The manipulation of the medium accords with good old water-color traditions, and the tempered color harmonies give one an impression of reserve appropriate to the mood hinted by the title.

Howard Clancy takes the only prize offered in the Black and White section, the Associated Artists Prize for this



THE FLIGHT OF A STUFFED BIRD

By MARTY LEWIS CORNELIUS

Martin Leisser School of Design Alumnae Prize



PITTSBURGH FROM THE BOULEVARD BY FREDERICK FRANCK  
Christian J. Walter Memorial Prize

class of work, with \$25. The exhibit that wins this award, *Mexican Sketches*, is not a single picture but a collection of sketches in ink, pencil, and lithographic crayon evidently culled from the artist's sketchbook. They are just unpretentious notes of things which caught the artist's eye and were jotted down without self-consciousness, and with a naturalness that invites us to go along with him to share in his discoveries.

In our comments we have mentioned only those works which the Jury designated for awards. Our own personal feeling about prizes is that they too often single out for factitious distinction certain works, thereby creating a presumption of superiority which, to say the least, is debatable. If this hinders the response of the viewer to work not so singled out, it defeats the very purpose of art, which is that it shall act in some very personal way on an individual.

One or two other general comments occur to us. This year there were more entries than ever before in the oil section, yet the exhibition includes fewer exhibits of this class than last year's.

The Jury was asked to select not less

than 225 oils, or more than 250. It accepted only 206, nearly 20 less than the minimum figure set. Those of us who were charged with informing the Jury of what was expected regret that we let it get away with this scant selection until too late to correct the error.

Some artists shrink from appearing in any but "exclusive" shows. Our organization should not become an instrument for the special glorification of artistic

snobs. Our membership is largely amateur—in the best sense of the word. Every possible opportunity to exhibit should be given to as many as can be accommodated, even if it means some overcrowding of the walls. It won't hurt the "good" pictures a bit and we are not conducting a demonstration of interior decoration. We don't like the growing tendency toward snootiness, especially in view of the fact that the present state of art criticism and appraisal offers little unanimity to support any special pretensions.

Everyone knows that fifty rejected entries could be taken out of the basement and hung in addition to, or in the place of, those now hung, without having the quality of the show suffer any noticeable deterioration. There are as many debatable items among the chosen as among the rejected. Therefore the benefit of the doubt should always be given, and space provided for the doubtful.

Now that this gripe is out of our system, we come to the pleasant privilege of expressing the thanks of the Associated Artists to Homer Saint-Gaudens, John O'Connor, Jr., and the Department of Fine Arts for their

generous present citizens our going of thanks efforts The ciated viewed the Dep Tech, a C. Cla Depart Both a ciated

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generous and indispensable part in the presentation of our art to our fellow-citizens. To Henry R. Nash again goes our gratitude for his skill in the hanging of the exhibition, and a word of thanks to his staff for their untiring efforts in arranging it.

The Sculpture section of the Associated Artists exhibition will be reviewed by Joseph Bailey Ellis, Head of the Department of Sculpture at Carnegie Tech, and the Crafts section by Frederic C. Clayter, Associate Professor in the Department of Painting and Design. Both are past presidents of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh.

## SCULPTURE

By JOSEPH BAILEY ELLIS

In relation to the painting sections of any Associated Artists of Pittsburgh annual exhibition, the sections of sculpture and the crafts have always been small. This year finds an even more diminutive presentation than any we have had since sculpture and crafts became part of these annual exhibitions.

There is no doubt that the winning of an all-out war has prevented many a Pittsburgh sculptor from carrying on in his chosen field during the war years. Now that reconversion is in progress in sculpture as well as industry, and our sculptor GI Joes are coming back—praise be, without a single break in the ranks—there is every reason to believe that quantity will be added to quality in coming sculpture sections.

This year the emphasis is on quality alone and here not only do the prize-winning pieces carry a full measure of this ingredient but so, by and large, do the other works.

Patricia Gormley, in winning the present award of the Society of Sculptors Prize for an outstanding submission of sculpture in a permanent material, continues her prize-winning progress. Her well planned and executed *Deep Thought* makes a most fitting selection and is in keeping with the intent and qualifications set up by the Society in

establishing such an award some six years ago.

In 1941, when this prize was first offered, only seven pieces of the sculpture shown out of a total of thirty-four were eligible for consideration as being in a permanent material. The present sculpture section finds only three pieces that were "outsiders" for such consideration, inasmuch as these three are the only pieces cast in plaster.

By awarding the Association's Sculpture Prize to Adolph Dioda's sandstone *Squirrel*, this year's Jury adds its seal of approval as to the sculptural quality of the works of one who has indeed been "carving" an outstanding name and record for himself and his works!

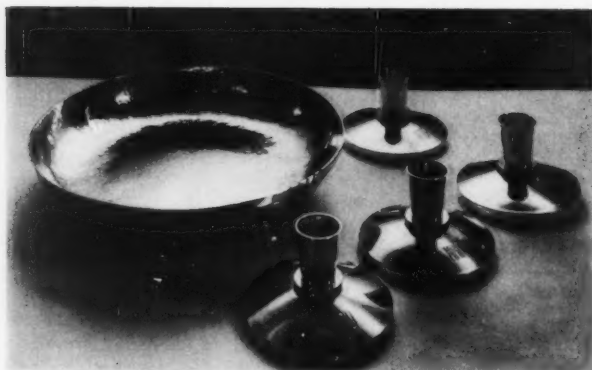


TREE FROG BY JANET ROEMHILD

Carnegie Institute Prize

One has only to glance at the sculpture listings and awards recorded in the catalogues of the last three Associated Artists annual exhibitions to find an Honorable Mention in 1943; then in succession, the Hailman Prize for Garden Sculpture, Carnegie Institute Sculpture Prize, the Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize for Creative Sculpture, and this year's award.

The top prize in sculpture, that offered by the Carnegie Institute, goes to Janet Roemhild Clement for her



SILVER CANDLEHOLDERS BY MARY DIEFFENBACH  
Vernon-Benshoff Prize

PEWTER BOWL BY FRANCES McCOMB CLAYTER  
Francis Keating Memorial Prize

carving in gray field stone titled *Tree Frog*. Here is compactness, a simplicity and glyptic assurance handled with a telling directness that holds to the high standards of excellence so clearly set by the three previous winners of this top prize. There is, I believe, an auspiciousness in Janet's return to Pittsburgh and to sculpture which holds high promise for the coming years.

## CRAFTS

By FREDERIC C. CLAYTER

The effect of the war years upon the entries in the crafts section of the Associated Artists exhibitions has been quite marked. However, the return of many of our talented young people to our midst should stimulate additional exhibitors. There are ninety-eight pieces of crafts shown this year, which produces a fair balance against the number of paintings exhibited.

The first gallery with the natural combination of crafts, sculpture, and black and whites, presents a colorful and sparkling room. This group always commands considerable attention from the public, the works being tangibly understandable.

The ceramic display is quite high in color, pitch, and diversity of effort. The

versification of expression, performance in color, and technique. His sculptured ceramic polar bear is his most interesting piece.

Claude Jensen is the recipient of one half of the Vernon-Benshoff Prize for his group of jewelry, a silver fish lapel pin and two well wrought rings. The other half of the Vernon-Benshoff award goes to Mary Dieffenbach, who exhibits four candlesticks in silver that are most interesting in design and material interpretation.

Mrs. Frances Clayter receives the Francis Keating Memorial Prize for a large pewter bowl, graceful in its functional simplicity, texture, and understanding of the material.

The Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt award is divided between Mrs. Richard Templin and Erwin Kalla: the first, with two handsome bags beautifully woven in harmonious color and rich design; and the latter, for his sculptured rug which is interesting in the gray modulations, texture, and technique.

Many of our young returned veterans who had their first experience with crafts while convalescing are eager to acquire further technique. And with the growing interest generally there should be an upward trend in standards of all crafts performance.

works of Henry Bursztynowicz, winner of the Fred C. Sauereisen Ceramic First Award, show a wide range of artistic and technical use of the media, his large bowl and Adam and Eve group being his most important pieces.

Virgil Cantini is awarded the Sauereisen Second Prize for his group of ceramics, which shows a wide di-

## THE SECOND EDUCATION

*Forty-third Commencement Address at Carnegie Institute of Technology*

BY WALTER J. BLENKO

*Trustee, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



WE are celebrating our first peacetime commencement since 1941. For the first time in six years graduation does not mean being immediately projected into war or preparation for it. Even so, I can well believe

that graduation at this time engenders more than the usual amount of trepidation. In recent weeks we have seen the operation of forces whose total effects, inflationary and otherwise, are yet unknown.

I believe the general appraisal of the situation that we face has been oversimplified in our blueprint for peace. For years before V-J day we had lived in a state of continuous and at times overwhelming crisis, with all else subordinated to the achievement of a free and peaceful world. Then what was more natural than the assumption that with peace and the winning of the war we would have reconversion which would let us pick up our peacetime pursuits where we had dropped them, and that all would then be well. That viewpoint, I repeat, is an oversimplification, with many factors left unaccounted for on the blueprint.

The factor which is probably of closest interest to the graduates of a technical institution is the advance of technology in the war years. Science and industry have made advances in the last five years far greater than would have occurred in times of peace, for it is one of the ironies of our civilization that the periods of greatest destruction

—wars—are also the periods of most rapid technological advance.

The prospects in this regard are not cause for concern. Barring grave political errors, this advance should be the foundation of a highly prosperous era industrially, for a prosperous economy is not a static thing, but a state of constant change, wherein the new demands created by new technology are in process of fulfillment.

But these new developments pose many questions which, in turn, may cause one to ask whether the technical education which he has been at such pains to acquire is out of date before he even begins to use it. The answer to that question is plainly in the negative, for there is an acute shortage of technological skill.

But if the question be "Will my present training meet my needs a few years hence?", I believe the answer must be that it will not, that more training—a second education, if you will—is necessary.

What should be the character of that education? Further knowledge of science and specialized technology will of course be acquired, by some in post-graduate study and by others in their daily work. Technical skill, however, must be oriented to the changing social picture, and this means that its possessor must learn to see things in their true perspective, must develop the imagination and adaptability to cope with changes as they occur, and must learn to deal with the human equation, which is far more variable than any that was ever posed by the Department of Mathematics. All this might be called education in the art of living.

It was education in the art of living, I believe, that was meant by Edward

Gibbon, the great historian, a hundred and fifty years ago, when he wrote:

Every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first, from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself.

In an older day this second education was generally thought of as having its commencement at graduation. In your case, it is a happy circumstance that it has already begun. The Carnegie Institute of Technology has led all others in destroying the old isolationism of technical education. Its program has had unstinted praise from leaders in science and education and is now receiving the sincere tribute of adoption elsewhere. Present trends increasingly emphasize its importance. I think it most appropriate, therefore, to pay our sincere tribute at this commencement to the distinguished educator responsible for it, our own Dr. Robert E. Doherty.

For a long time, partly through ignorance, partly through indifference, the lay world gave little thought to the effect of changing technology on the social fabric. Most of us are familiar with the story of the legislator of the last century who witnessed a demonstration of Michael Faraday's work on induced currents, the basis of our whole electrical industry, and who asked contemptuously "What good is it?" Faraday's reply was "Some day you will tax it."

Faraday seems to have realized the important fact, often overlooked, that scientific advances are not administered on a broad scale by scientists, but by average men in political office. Until recently those officeholders had little interest in changes of technology, except as they offered new bases for taxation.

Of course, there has long been what might be called a romantic interest in new inventions, and a ready acceptance of new comforts and conveniences as they came upon the market. To a large segment of the population, however, the scientists and inventors were in a world set apart. Then came the great

depression of the '30s, and the developments that had eased man's burdens came under attack. The scientists and inventors came to be regarded in some circles almost as public enemies instead of public benefactors. It was seriously proposed that there be a moratorium on new developments and that legislation be enacted forbidding the installation of labor-saving machinery. These proposals, in turn, were displaced by the somewhat inconsistent idea that our days of expansion and growth were over; that we had reached a mature economy; and that what was needed was a regimented operation of the machine under state controls.

Up to August 6, 1945, the idea had gained rather wide acceptance, but the casualties of August 6 were not all at Hiroshima. We have not heard about that venerable old gentleman, economic maturity, since that day; he seems to have been "atomized" too.

How absurd, in the light of what was revealed on August 6, are those solemn preachments of just a year ago. They now seem as ridiculous as the letter written by a Patent Office official seventy-five years ago, resigning his position because everything possible to invent had been invented! At the moment, I doubt if you could find anyone willing to say that the end of scientific development is anywhere in sight, yet that was fundamental to the widely accepted argument of a mature economy.

Because of the terrific jolt to our thinking inflicted at the same time as the physical damage on Hiroshima, there is now an overwhelming concern by lay people in the affairs of technologists and scientists. Every newspaper reveals it. Even if the technologists wanted to isolate themselves from the lay world, they could not do so, for the world would not permit it. This is most dramatically shown in the proposed controls over nuclear science, but there is a host of other proposals, little publicized but very far-reaching, by which the lay world proposes to interlock science and technology with

## WOODLAND PATH

its other affairs. Those matters will increasingly affect the lives of all of you. Even if you do not take an active part in the shaping of things to come, a clear understanding of the interlocking will promote a better understanding, so that continued attention to the second education will mean a happier, more satisfactory life.

This is a great time to be alive, and a great time to begin a career, for the advances that have been made and are in the making will present a wealth of opportunities. I do not mean to suggest that it will be an easy life, or a peaceful one. The lion and the lamb still do not lie down together—except with the lamb inside—and our strivings toward Tennyson's dream of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," are not based so much upon world-wide trust as upon world-wide fear. But, while the world you are embarking on is not a perfect one, it is better than it was ten years ago. Our sense of values is better. We have learned that even war is better than slavery, either to foreign government or our own. We have learned that it is unsafe to centralize power too much. We no longer look upon regimentation as a cure-all.

So it will still be a competitive world, rich with opportunity and rewards for individual effort. I repeat, however, that it will not be a static world but a constantly changing one, with some of the changes as disturbing as was the shift of the polestar when Columbus travelled into the unknown.

You leave this institution far better prepared than most people to meet the changing times. Your technical training is of the best. Your second education is well begun. New and unforeseen problems are in store for you, as for all of us; your very polestars may appear to shift, but these things need not dismay or deter you.

Though all we knew depart,  
The old Commandments stand—  
"In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."



'Tis the fickle month of March  
—a time of snow squalls, and sunny days, floods and freezes. Tornadoes are shifting their paths up from the deep South, and storms, the weatherman's "highs" and "lows," speed

up as the sun "crosses the line." Blustering March winds sway the treetops along our woodland path, and the rubbing branches give out a weird sound—the "tree-squeak" of the lumberman's myth.

Nature is waking up fitfully and speed is the order of the day. The March wind whistles by; the message to the brook seems to be: "Speed, water, speed!" From its treetop nest on the hillside the hawk wings away silently. Robins, back from the Southland, dart about wildly.

A red squirrel, far above our heads, licks sweet sap from a swinging sugar-maple bough, while the red twigs of the red maple nearby bear bunches of small red or yellow flowers. The fuzzy seal-brown bud scales of the red elm have burst away, releasing the brownish blossoms, and white elm twigs bear clusters of dangling flowers like miniature scalloped bells. Too, what is "more black than ash-buds in the front of March"?

Tassel-like catkins swing from the alders along the creek on a sunny day in March, releasing puffs of pollen at every sudden gust, while below them the early flies enter the mottled hoods of the skunk cabbage, feasting on the pollen within.

In the shadow of the hemlocks along the slope the Snow Trilliums bloom, often as early as mid-March, their three, white, inch-long petals doomed to be blistered by frost and buried under snow.

The vanguard of Spring awaits you along our woodland path. —O. E. J.

## CHARLES J. ROSENBLOOM COLLECTION

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

*Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

As an undergraduate in Harvard, way back in 1900, I remember going into Boston with my father to visit Mrs. Jack Gardner's fund of art in her two adjoining residences on Beacon Street, before their contents were moved to what is now the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum at Fenway Court. The opening to the public of famous homes in order that you and I and the rest of us may satisfy our lust for looking has long been a habit of generous collectors. Certainly I visited a number of such houses in England in those happier days of the early summer of 1914. Again, mornings in the Joseph E. Widener house in Elkins Park outside of Philadelphia were not confined to my shepherding into its galleries my Juries of Award for our International Exhibitions in the lush 1920s.

While great collectors have long been cordial to visitors, under latter-day restrictions it has become more and more difficult for such public-spirited citizens to permit all mankind to wander through their private dwellings. Therefore our museums, in addition to their other functions, now set forth the treasures of those who have the taste and the ability to gather together what is precious in visual esthetics. For example, here at Carnegie Institute there have been displayed in

the past the collections of D. T. Watson, W. S. Stimmel, Herbert DuPuy, Alexander M. Byers, Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr., B. D. Saklatwalla, Albert C. Lehman, Howard A. Noble, and George R. Hann.

Practically all these collections have been either sold or otherwise dispersed. So it is good tidings that one of our trustees, Charles J. Rosenbloom, of Pittsburgh, has stripped his house that the Carnegie Institute may hang on its walls from February 7 through March 24 fifty-four of his paintings and one hundred and twenty-two of his prints. Society owes a debt to such a man. The creations of painters and engravers can give no material satisfaction to the beholder. Men cannot eat adornment or warm themselves with it or keep out of the rain with it or even use it for bodily medicine. But art is an emotional medicine, a stimulant, if you like, on which man has been dependent since the Stone Age, or before that for all we know. This art is especially needed in our mechanically-minded social order; but it is a costly medicine requiring skilled hands to fill its prescriptions. Someone must pay the bill. That most important someone is the Art Patron.

As art has moved upward from the prehistoric buffalo decorations on the



MEETING AT EMMAUS

Oil by Jean Louis Forain





THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI  
Oil by Pieter Bruegel

walls of the caves at Font-de-Gaume, France, three types of patrons have developed. The first, the best, and the most enduring of these have been the personal patrons, men and women of wealth who have expressed the artistic ardor of an appreciative and generous bourgeoisie. Memories of Maecenas and the Medici still glow in the history of art with the names of those of lasting imagination and craftsmanship they supported. It is because of such men that paintings and prints have survived to be handed down from one generation to another. It is to the interested co-operation of such patrons that art museums must look in the future as they have in the past.

The second type of patron has been the State. When well conducted, the State has accomplished much. State support flourished previous to the war in Italy in the hands of Signora Margherita Sarfatti, an intelligent and intimate friend of Mussolini. Such support, however, has been dangerously tied to politics and propaganda. Indeed it developed an uncertain mediocrity

in our land not so long ago when the promotions of art and charity were mixed in an esthetically unpalatable stew.

The third type of patron is the commercial concern of power, which of late has collected and exhibited paintings to draw the public's attention to its business enterprises, even as the Texas Company on the radio has sponsored the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. This is a questionable fusion at best, for as in roadside advertising, the billboards soon destroy the view.

Charles Rosenbloom is of the discriminating type of personal patron, a man needed in these confused years to lend a hand in restraining the latter-day artist from withdrawing into his ill-lined foxhole to paint not to intrigue others but to salve his own injured psyche.

Long ago Ralph Waldo Emerson remarked that "perpetual modernism is the measure of merit in every work of art." Mr. Rosenbloom has applied this philosophy to his judgment in assembling his collection. For whether

viewed in his residence or in our galleries, these many forms of craftsmanship, both past and present, are tied together by the quality of perfection of finish in drawing and color required to complete an acceptable esthetic aim; the quality which gives lasting satisfaction to the man who seeks to contemplate with agreeable composure enduring, decorative spots on his material and social walls. Therefore the first idea of an exhibition of the Rosenbloom Collection at Carnegie Institute came from the appearance of the old and the new in juxtaposition on the walls of his house. It is the story that art has no time element. Lauren Ford's *Winter* painted in the United States in 1936 claims kinship with Pieter Bruegel's *The Adoration of the Magi* painted in 1625 in Europe. Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Portrait of a Lady* is balanced off by Gerald Brockhurst's *Star Mantle*. Marie Laurencin's *Summer, 1937*, is a friendly neighbor to Cranach's *Scene Amoureuse*. There exists a comradeship between John Constable's *View of London from Hampstead Heath* and *The Promised Land* by Louis Bouché. A visi-



ADAM AND EVE  
Engraving by Albrecht Dürer

tor can enjoy the composure of Charles Locke's *The Basin* or Jon Corbino's *Fisher Tragedy*.

Another happy quality in this series is the predominating escapist element. From the canvas that emphasizes storytelling to the one that lays stress on design, painting offers the same opportunity as that provided by music to men and women to get away from the realities of life. Storytelling painting of course can become mawkish for a lot of us, as with Sir Luke Fildes' canvas of the doctor bending over the dying child, just as music can become insipid, as in the case of Septimus Winner's song about *The mockingbird is singing o'er her grave!* Painting restricted to pure design can also become bewildering to some persons, as in the case of *Composition* by Fernand Leger, just as music can become unintelligible to me, at least, by way of Arnold Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. But because this quality of taking the on-looker beyond his workaday horizons is sometimes abused by an artist in one way or another is no reason for avoiding the errant type forever after. Certainly Beethoven leads us into other realms in his *Seventh Symphony*. So does Sibelius in his *Fourth Symphony*. So does Shakespeare in *Hamlet*. So does Kandinsky in *Rigid and Bent*.

There is nothing snobbish about this collection. Charles Rosenbloom seeks only the quality that satisfies a discerning eye. He has not bought for a rising fashionable market. He is not after quantity or size. He has avoided nature-in-the-raw, sentimentality, and incompetent nonsense. He has not worried about divining esoteric aims. The visitor never has to say, "What does this mean?" He needs no descriptive catalogue or lecture. He can enjoy these prints and paintings with his eyes, not with his ears. The collection never shocks, always intrigues, and leads the visitor to forget little details about what is wrong with the car's carburetor, or when do we get nylons.

Carnegie Institute is proud to have had a part in the making of this group

of paintings. Twenty-four of the canvases were purchased either from an International or a Carnegie American show. For Mr. Rosenbloom began his collection in 1934 when he acquired from the International of that year September by Colin Gill, *Morning After the Fair*, Monetone by Henry Bishop, and *Dunvegan Castle, Skye* by Sir David Y. Cameron.

Certainly one of the most esteemed of the paintings is Rembrandt's *Head of an Elderly Jew*. If the birth years of the painters as given in the catalogue mean anything, Lucas Cranach perhaps produced the earliest painting with his *Portrait of a Nobleman* 'way back in 1500 and Doris Lee perhaps the most recent with her happy creation *The Cowboy's Ranch*. On the mystic side is Blake's charming *Faith, Hope and Charity*. For the best of what has been known as "Modernism" Max Weber sets forth his *The Red Carnation*. Others of the paintings have their many reasons for existence. There are to be seen the amusing side of lackadaisical western plain poverty in *The Kansas Vegetable Garden* by Arnold Blanch; the charm of portraiture in *Lady Fenboulet* by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the primitive beginnings of American painting reflected in Edward Hicks' *Peaceable Kingdom*.

Two canvases indicate the collector's affection for his city. They are *Homestead Mill near Pittsburgh* and *The Great Fire of Pittsburgh, 1845*, by William Coventry Wall. This artist was a brother of Alfred S. Wall, American landscape painter, who was a charter member of the Board of Trustees of Carnegie Institute.

While Mr. Rosenbloom acquired contemporary paintings at first, and later turned to old masters, the reverse is true



DEMPSEY-FIRPO FIGHT

Lithograph by George Bellows

with his collection of prints. But throughout, the liaison between the two forms of art is obvious. It seems to have been his interest in the early printmakers like Pieter Bruegel and Rembrandt that led him to their pictures. Probably his admiration for Gerald Brockhurst as an etcher developed his taste for Brockhurst's paintings.

Only a small part of Mr. Rosenbloom's collection, selected from five centuries of printmakers, is in this exhibition because of the limits of gallery space. Most widely cherished of all here to be seen are Dürer's *Adam and Eve*, and Rembrandt's *Christ with the Sick Around Him, Receiving Little Children*, known as "The Hundred Guilder Plate." Martin Schongauer heads the chronological list with his *The Nativity*. Tradition has it that he lived between 1430 and 1491, and that this plate was engraved somewhere between 1466 and 1480. Columbus had not even arrived here by the time Schongauer died. Israhel Van Meckenem, also represented, is credited with living between 1440 and 1503. But I am becoming meticulous, and writing like a philatelist. Indeed I have almost dropped into the class of the inquiring visitor who asked me how much the "show" was

worth. I hinted that it was worth a heap, but that what counted here was the esthetic aroma of the result, or words to that effect.

So let us get back to our prints. Refresh your mind with no pernicious references as to dates or costs by looking at Campagnola's *The Battle of the Naked Men*. Notice that Augustus John's *Self Portrait* may be compared with *Portrait of Rembrandt in Velvet Cap and Plume*. Jean Louis Forain's *Prodigal Son* hangs in harmony with Albrecht Dürer's work bearing the same title. All of which emphasizes my earlier brief that art has no chronological boundaries, and that, realizing this, Mr. Rosenbloom gave vent to his happy faculty of neglecting definite schools and time ele-

ments in his review of the years of engraving. You will meet old friends such as Zorn's *The Waltz*, and Whistler's *The Beggars*. You will be surprised to realize that Rodin was an etcher, too, when you see the print of his *Victor Hugo*. You will run into *L'Homme A La Pipe*, the only etching made by Vincent Van Gogh. In a very different key you will find Paul Albert Besnard's *Dans Les Cendres*, or to be even more modern, Bellows' *Stag at Sharkey's*, or McBey's *Spanish Friday*, or Gerald Brockhurst's *Young Womanhood*; and finally, just to be local, three Pennell prints of Pittsburgh.

Some persons esteem paintings and prints, others can estimate their place in esthetics. Charles Rosenbloom can do both.

## MUSEUM REMINISCENCES

BY ARTHUR W. HENN

Editor of Publications, Carnegie Museum

### PART II



AFTER William T. Hornaday had returned to Singapore from the Borneo orangutan hunt he had carried out for Ward's Natural Science Establishment, he was called to the home of the United States

consul in Singapore to meet two travelers from Pittsburgh, Andrew Carnegie and his friend J. W. Vandervort. The exact date of this meeting, January 4, 1879, may be determined from Mr. Carnegie's letter which subsequently appeared in his *Notes of a Trip Round the World*, the first of Mr. Carnegie's published books. Since both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Hornaday were the kind of people interested in meeting other people, future events significant for mu-

seum development were certain to result.

That same year Hornaday returned to Ward's and met young Frederic S. Webster, who had entered the establishment during his absence. Having similar tastes and ideas, they soon formed a new organization, the Society of American Taxidermists, with Webster as president and Hornaday as secretary. This society held three systematic competitive exhibitions, the last in 1883 in Lyric Hall, New York City. Nearly forty years later in *Scribner's* for July 1922, Hornaday wrote, "As one half the expenses of the New York show, a 'model millionaire' gave the generous and sorely needed sum of five hundred dollars. So far as the writer knows, that was Andrew Carnegie's very first gift to museology." The meeting in Singapore was beginning to bear fruit.

Ten years after the New York exhibit, Mr. Carnegie was adding a museum of natural history and an art

gallery to his original idea of a library in Pittsburgh, to establish the present Carnegie Institute. And twenty-nine years after the meeting in Singapore, on April 30, 1908, Dr. Hornaday was one of the speakers on Founder's Day at the Carnegie Institute.

When the new museum opened in Pittsburgh in 1895, it was thus only natural that Mr. Hornaday would be called upon to recommend someone to head the preparation department, and two years later we find Mr. Webster installed. One of the first purchases for the museum was a large collection, chiefly mammal skeletons, from Ward's.

From the very beginning, Webster's consummate skill in attracting and holding groups of boys to an interest in natural history became evident. As "guardian" of the Andrew Carnegie Naturalists Club he soon gathered a group of youngsters who met together in the field and the laboratory from time to time, and subsequently carried throughout their future lives the influence of these associations.

Most productive for museology was the aroused interest of young Childs Frick. In the introduction to Mr. Webster's recent article on "The Birth of Habitat Bird Groups" in the *Annals of the Carnegie Museum*, Mr. Frick writes, "I was one of those who came to know and admire him and his skillful preparations when he was with the Carnegie Museum. In 1901, he and James C. Rea and I made a memorable visit to Europe. The Carnegie's Scotch Grouse and African Hornbill groups were resultants of this trip." A few years later we find Mr. Frick making trips to Africa to secure the fine series of groups of African mammals which today adorn our museum galleries, and still later moving on to New York ultimately to become an eminent paleontologist and a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History.

In this brief review it has not been possible to amplify the main theme of Webster's article. Briefly, we may say that as early as 1869 Webster had begun

to place mounted birds amid natural accessories such as plants, tree limbs, stones and rocks, and from the assemblage to photograph a series of stereoscopic views, then in wide demand. This assemblage, with artificial plants and rocks substituted for natural temporary accessories, was the genesis of our modern habitat group.

Webster's original idea and its relation to modern museum exhibition is elaborated upon in last month's issue of *Frontiers*, a magazine of natural history published by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

Webster's relatively few years in the Carnegie Museum produced a splendid array of exhibits, chiefly bird groups, although these were constructed before the days of artificial lighting and painted backgrounds. Most of them stand today, among which "Count Noble," an English Setter pointing a covey of bob-whites, is probably the best known to Pittsburghers.

Following his natural inclinations, Webster later, by appointment of the mayor, became city ornithologist with salary and, before he moved to California, was resident superintendent of the Pittsburgh Newsboys Home. In Hollywood he established and still maintains the Ketelhuyn—his mother's maiden name—Studio School of Nature. As there he calmly approaches the century mark we find in him—always his chief characteristics—optimism, progressiveness, and faith in the future!



PITTSBURGH SUN-TELEGRAPH

YOUNG PALEONTOLOGISTS



## A QUAINt NOSTALGIC CHARM

By VIRGINIA ANN RUSSELL

*Children's Librarian, Lawrenceville Branch, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh*

THE Kate Greenaway Centenary is celebrated this month in the Boys and Girls Room at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh with a display of books illustrated by this cherished artist.

When the name of Kate Greenaway is mentioned, one is reminded of all the charm of nature and childhood as she interpreted it through her illustrations.

She was born in London on March 17, 1846, the daughter of a wood engraver, and her childhood seems to have been a happy busy time. As a very little girl, when not practicing her letters or learning to use her needle, she spent as much time as she could in drawing and won her first prize at the age of twelve. She studied at Heatherley's and later at the Slade School in London.

In her early twenties she started drawing children in the picturesque costume in vogue at that time. The editor of *People's Magazine* was so delighted with some of the "K. Greenaway" drawings that he interested her in producing Christmas and Valentine cards showing these costumed figures, her first remunerative work. Her first attempts were gaudy, and realization of this fault led her to the study of color harmony.

With the publication of *Under the Window* in 1878, a book of her own rhymes and illustrations, Miss Greenaway's name became known not only in her own country but in Europe and America. Books later illustrated by her include *Mother Goose*; *Little Ann* and *Other Poems* by Jane and Ann Taylor;

*Dame Wiggins of Lea* and *Her Seven Wonderful Cats* by John Ruskin; her own books, *Mari-gold Garden* and *A Apple Pie*; *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* by Robert Browning; and fourteen issues of *Kate Greenaway's Almanac*, beginning in 1883.

Apart from book illustration Miss Greenaway painted a great deal in water color.

"K. G.," as she was known to her friends, was a reserved,

modest girl, said to have dressed quite plainly, in contrast to her artistic sense of beauty in costume. Among her friends were John Ruskin, with whom she carried on an extensive illustrated correspondence, and Randolph Caldecott, another illustrator of children's books whose centenary occurs this month.

M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard in *Kate Greenaway*, published in 1905, four years after her death, wrote: "Her pictures delight the little ones for their own sake and delight us for the sake of the little ones."



FREDERICK WARNE &amp; CO., INC.

"POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON"



## "THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE"

### *The Hall of Sculpture at the Carnegie Institute*

WHILE modern art forms appear to writhe in convulsive creation of new modes of expression, the bewildered may enjoy a tranquil moment in contemplation of the Hall of Sculpture at the Carnegie Institute.

Something of the soul-resting proportions of the Parthenon, that artistic climax of perhaps the most cultured civilization the world has yet known, drift in upon the visitor to the Hall of Sculpture. Not by chance, for the Hall is almost identical in shape and proportion to the cella—the part of the temple within the walls—of the Parthenon. Multiply its size approximately three times, if you would visualize the temple to Pallas Athena that crowned the Acropolis in the Golden Age when Pericles ruled Athens.

The two-storied colonnade running around the Hall is similar to the Parthenon floor plan, although the flooring that provides the Hall's second-story balcony is a modern adaptation. The columns of the lower tier are Doric, those of the upper, Ionic, the two separated by a simple entablature.

It is interesting that in the small model of the Parthenon standing in the adjacent Hall of Architecture the upper tier of columns, as well as the lower, is Doric. However, the order of the actual upper columns has never been decided among scholars who have studied the ruins. The model in the Hall of Architecture was designed from various drawings and plans by Laurance W. Hitt and constructed by Ross Polis in 1933. True to the scale of one-to-twenty, it provides a comprehensive view of the Parthenon with its perfectly proportioned peristyle, its sculptured pediments, its metopes and frieze, and its statue of the Parthenos, or Pallas Athena, within the western end of the cella. The Parthenon was created

during the nine years from 447 to 438 B.C., by order of Pericles, with Ictinus as the architect and Phidias, the ruler's friend, as master sculptor.

The columns in the Hall of Sculpture are of marble from Mount Pentelicus, near the Acropolis, from which the Parthenon itself was built. Their dazzling whiteness is undimmed in the Carnegie Institute Hall, whereas the columns of the Parthenon, it must be remembered, were weathered by the rains and salt air into soft shades of yellow and green.

At the western end of the cella, where the dominant figure of Pallas Parthenos stood, is the *Pallas Giustiniani* (Greek, fourth century B.C.) The immense original, most certainly by Phidias, has disappeared, probably carried to Byzantium and destroyed in the great fire of Constantinople in the tenth century. Her miniature reproduction, in the Institute's Parthenon model, was designed after four copies of the original Pallas Parthenos.

The frieze in low relief that surmounted the outer wall of the Parthenon is reproduced around the very top of the Hall of Sculpture; it shows the Panathenaic procession in which gifts were offered Athena before the athletic contests held every four years. Several of the metopes showing mythological battle scenes, cut in high relief above the original colonnade, are hung, in plaster, in the Hall, and a portion of one of the two great pediments, sculptured in round, is on display.

This last reproduction is from the east pediment of the Parthenon, the group that tells the story of how Athena sprang, full-armed, from the forehead of Zeus. The arrangement of the figures to fit into a triangle whose acute angles are only  $13\frac{1}{2}$  degrees very skillfully solves a problem in design. A



YOUNG WORSHIPERS AT THE FEET OF PALLAS ATHENA

visitor may compare the fragments of the pediment group in the Hall of Sculpture with the complete restoration on the Parthenon model in the Hall of Architecture.

The remnants of sculpture from the Parthenon, after the temple's vicissitudes as a Christian church, a Mohammedan mosque and Turkish powder magazine, and victim of Venetian bombardment, were taken to England by Lord Elgin in the early 1800s.

In addition to the work of Phidias and his group of subcontracting artists for the Parthenon, the visitor to the Hall of Sculpture will see, in plaster reproduction, the time-honored figures showing development of the art from earliest through Roman times. Entering from the main corridor of the Fine Arts Department, he will find the seated figure of *Gudea, the Architect with the Plan* (Chaldean, 4000 to 2000 B.C.), its rigidity even stiffer than the Egyptian kings and cat-faced goddess in the same section of the Hall. The Persian friezes

in enameled tile of *The Five Archers* and *Lions*, and the Assyrian relief, *Asurnasir-pal with Attendant*, among others, represent the culture of those places and times. From early Greece of the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ are the *Apollo from Tenea*, the *Archer*, *Fighting Warrior*. The work of the master sculptor Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Myron, and their followers, show how grace and distinction were added during the Golden Age to the strength and realism of the archaic Greek work. Among the best known of the reproductions are the *Apollo of the Belvedere*, the *Discobolos*, the *Hermes* of Praxiteles, and the *Apoxyomenos*; the heads of Homer and Sophocles, and groups from the Zeus altar at Pergamon. The lovely *Aphrodite of Melos* stands opposite the *Pallas Giustiniani*, at the farther end of the Hall. Here too are displayed the work of the Roman sculptors, less graceful but of great power and dignity, such as the portrait bust of Cicero and the heroic figure of Augustus. —J.F.S.



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE 1946 Endowment Fund campaign for Carnegie Tech moves steadily toward the \$4,000,000 goal, with many generous gifts received during January.

Twenty thousand dollars was given by Koppers Company to establish the Koppers Scholarship Fund whereby financial aid will be given to promising students in chemical engineering at Tech.

A gift of \$5,000 came from the Thomas P. Henry Company, of Detroit, to establish the Thomas P. Henry Printing Scholarship Fund in memory of the founder of the firm, whose son is now the Company's president. The income will provide yearly scholarship aid to a student in the Department of Printing, given on a basis of need and scholastic standing, with preference, when feasible, to a young Detroitier.

The Department of Printing Research Fund was recipient of \$4,200 during January. Six New York firms contributed as follows: Arrow Press, Inc., \$500; Blanchard Press, Inc., \$500; Bryant Press, Inc., \$250; Ganer Linotype Craftsmen, \$100; Publishers Printing Company, \$100; Sinclair & Valentine Company, \$250. Six Detroit printing houses also were contributors: Michigan Typesetting, Inc., \$200; Northern Electrotype Company, \$100; Safran Printing Company, \$500; Service Engraving Company, \$500; Wayne Colorplate Company, \$500; and Westcott Paper Products Company, \$100. Mossberg & Co., Inc., of South Bend, sent \$250; Graphic Arts Press, of Washington, \$100; and William C. Spencer, E'44, \$250.

The Department of Printing Scholarship Fund was recipient of \$1,000 from Darby Printing Company, of Washington, and \$1,000 from a donor who prefers to remain anonymous. James F. Newcomb Company, Inc., of New York City, sent \$250, and John F. Spencer,

I'31, also \$250 for the Scholarship Fund.

For the Class of 1917 Engineering Fund, two class members contributed: A. L. Hestin, \$100, and Albert J. Matthes, an additional gift of \$1,750.

For the George H. Fellows Memorial Scholarship Fund, Alfred M. Cox, E'21, gave \$500.

The National Foundation for American Education in Citizenship, of Indianapolis, contributed \$250 for the Alumni Fund for Greater Interest in Government. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Schwartz, E'23 and A'24, sent \$100.

For the Crabtree Memorial Scholarship Fund, R. F. Reinartz, E'09, gave \$200.

The William L. Marks Memorial Scholarship Fund received \$100 contributions each from Harold C. Godden, I'22, and Nils W. Magnuson, E'21.

J. W. Dougherty, E'11, sent \$100 for the Ihrig-Lawler Memorial Scholarship Fund.

January contributors of \$100 or more to be applied to the General Endowment Fund include the following: Thomas F. Campbell, E'08, who has again given \$500; Laura B. Green, M'12, \$100; C. M. Griffin, I'13, \$100; Thomas W. Griggs, E'24, \$250; Oden C. Heffner, E'15, \$333.34; Samuel Horelock, E'12, \$500; Oscar Lampl, E'25, \$100; Ritchie Lawrie, Jr., E'11, securities having sale value of \$596.60; S. M. Siesel, E'08, \$100. Two anonymous gifts totaled \$1,495.

Contributions of less than \$100 each for the various funds amounted to \$1,791 during the month.

With upwards of \$3,800,000 in hand, time speeds toward the June 30, 1946, deadline, when the Carnegie Corporation of New York stands pledged to add eight million dollars for a total new endowment of twelve million dollars for Carnegie Tech.



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of the Department of Drama's  
Presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It"*



By AUSTIN WRIGHT

*Acting Head, Department of English, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



THE first production of *As You Like It* by the Department of Drama at Tech took place, we are told, in the outdoor theatre in May 1915, and it would be interesting to know how many persons still on the

campus recall that performance of more than thirty years ago. The play was staged in the Little Theatre by the late Chester Wallace in 1937, an occasion which I remember with pleasure. But surely no modern production of this lovely comedy at Carnegie or anywhere else could have been more successful than that presented by the Department of Drama in January.

Carnegie Institute of Technology is fortunate in having benefited for so many years by the talents of one of the great Shakespearean directors of our century. B. Iden Payne's eminence in his field is similar to that of the late great Shakespearean scholar, George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard. In his production of *As You Like It* Mr. Payne gave Little Theatre audiences a delightful experience which will long dwell in the memory. Particularly impressive was the scene with which he chose to bring Part I of the performance to an end. In this scene, actually the last of Act II, the banished Duke and his comrades, about to partake of a banquet, are interrupted by the entrance of Orlando with his peremptory demand for aid. The entrancing woodland

setting, the rich costumes, and the soft, warm lights contributed to form a tableau full of beauty and color, and against this golden-world background we were given first the Seven Ages speech of Jaques and then Amiens' song "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," both splendidly performed. As the curtain closed slowly upon the fading scene and the dying melody, one felt that here indeed was the theatre at its best.

Since setting, costume, and music have been mentioned, this is an appropriate place at which to speak of them further. Mr. Weninger's forest scenes, notable for depth and leafy vista and checkered shadow, were especially lovely, but also well done were the two draw-curtains representing Oliver's orchard and a woodland glade. Mrs. Kimberly's ornate and colorful fifteenth-century costumes were a special triumph in these times of desperate shortages of materials, and Mr. Kimberly's handling of the lighting effects was superb. As for the music, supervised by Patricia Mahon, the matchless songs of exile sung by a golden-voiced Amiens and the delicate, sprightly "It was a lover and his lass" caroled by two jaunty pages were a joy to the ear. It is interesting to note that, though "It was a lover and his lass" is the only song from *As You Like It* for which we have music dating from Shakespeare's own time, the melodies for the others, composed by Thomas Arne, have been traditionally associated with the play for a full two hundred years. Thus not only in the speeches and lyrics but in the accompanying music we have a link with vanished actors and audiences that

carries us back in imagination through many generations.

As one sees *As You Like It* performed, one thinks, "Surely this is the most charming of all of Shakespeare's romantic comedies." Probably after the next opportunity to see *Twelfth Night* that judgment will seem less certain, but the gay, brilliant story of Rosalind and her Orlando is without doubt one of the most delightful ever told. And this in spite of dramatic weaknesses which would cause a harassed modern dramatist to be hissed from the stage. A. A. Milne makes pleasant fun of Shakespeare's calm effrontery in providing the audience with the necessary background in the opening scene by having Orlando rehearse his unhappy situation to a patient Adam who must know the tale by heart; the dramatist seems not to be sure—or to care—whether Duke Senior's banishment took place last week or many years ago; and Rosalind and Celia, after setting out to seek the Duke in the forest, proceed to forget all about him when he could be found in the next glade. But these absurdities, and many more—such as the presence of lions and palm trees in the Forest of Arden, and the abrupt conversions of Oliver and Duke Frederick—worry us no more than they worried Shakespeare. We wander

with the players through the forest just as children climb the beanstalk with Jack, and the only fault we find with the careless dramatist is that he ends the fun too soon.

Though the acting in the Tech production was not as uniformly excellent as the staging of the play, it was competent throughout and in some instances, notably the roles of Rosalind and Jaques, little short of brilliant. My chief criticism is that, in some of the minor roles especially, splendid lines which should have been spoken in such a way as to bring out their beauty were run through in what seemed like hurried and casual fashion. Instances are the speech of Charles describing the life of the banished Duke in the forest and the speech of the First Lord reporting Jaques' reflections upon the wounded deer. Though less famous than some other passages in the play, these and certain other lines deserve more thoughtful, meticulous reading than they received.

The role of Rosalind is one that actresses must dream of playing, for though the part presents some difficulties, Shakespeare has not created a wittier or more attractive woman. It is one proof of Shakespeare's pre-eminence that one after another his Rosalinds and Violas and Portias are flesh-and-blood



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"



women who make the heroines of fine writers like Scott and Dickens seem like china dolls. So completely feminine is Rosalind that it is difficult to imagine a boy actor, in Shakespeare's own theatre, pretending successfully to be the girl who pretends to be the boy Ganymede! Both Rosalinds in the Tech play were excellent, though they were quite different in appearance and style. The first was slight, girlish, elusive as a ray of sunshine, and she spoke her brilliant lines with a rushing spontaneity which yet never resulted in the least slurring or marring of their beauty; the second was tall, deep-voiced, and physically closer to the Rosalind that Shakespeare probably imagined, and she too, though less sparkling and impulsive, manipulated deftly the bantering exchanges with Orlando and Touchstone and Phoebe in which Rosalind's wit and gaiety shine so brightly. As is almost invariably the case in *As You Like It*, both Rosalinds showed to greater advantage in the Ganymede episodes than in the scenes in which Rosalind appears as herself.

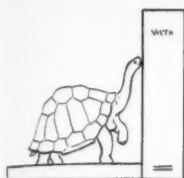
Orlando was a stalwart, handsome blade who made a splendid appearance; and if his leaden wit showed dull beside the burnished steel of Rosalind's, that is largely the fault of the dramatist, who has given the lady most of the good lines. Though Jaques actually speaks very little—I was astonished to realize how little—he is one of Shakespeare's most interesting creations, and the actor who played the role handled it magnificently. There is one school of thought which maintains that the Seven Ages speech is simply a witty Elizabethan conceit, to be tossed off airily, but I was pleased that Mr. Payne chose to treat it as a sombre reflection on the emptiness and tragedy of life and that the actor spoke it with a quiet gravity which made every phrase a thing of melancholy beauty. Oliver spoke his lines with impressive distinctness, and showed rare presence of mind when on one occasion he lost his wig in the scuffle with Orlando. I was

mystified, however, by his method of brandishing his fist, which made him look more as though he were shaking dice. The role of Touchstone has always seemed to me an extremely difficult one. We accept it in reading the play, but on the stage it tends to become grotesque. However, the actor who played it—though he seemed a little, shall we say, too well nourished for the part—gave it competent treatment which showed thoughtful study, and he was excellent in the brief dialogue with Corin and in the enumeration of the seven degrees of a lie. Duke Senior handled effectively his one important speech, Le Beau was an amusing flop, and the wrestling match was exciting—if brief!

The role of Celia is a charming one and was charmingly played in both casts. Much of the time that Celia is on the stage she has to take part in the action without having any lines to speak, and it must be none too easy to keep the audience properly aware of her presence without an excess of pantomime. Phoebe and her lovesick Silvius stepped straight from a Renaissance pastoral. The feebleness of intellect which characterizes Audrey and William was made, as usual, the medium of some farcical interludes but was at the same time treated with reasonable restraint. In this respect I regretted only the antics of Touchstone and Audrey which were allowed to mar the singing of "It was a lover and his lass."

The effect of a brilliant production of *As You Like It* upon a twentieth-century audience, sick with this strange disease of modern life, is to make us yearn wistfully for a dreamland where the sun always shines as in the Forest of Arden. One knows, as Shakespeare knew, and as the pastoral poets of Greece and Rome knew, that one will never rest in the shade of that magic wood, but the image of it physics melancholy. Holla, varlet! Summon the sweet singers, fetch a flagon of sack, and cut the telephone wires. I would fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

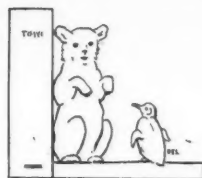




## THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

By M. GRAHAM NETTING

*Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum*



**NATIVE PEOPLES OF THE PACIFIC WORLD** By FELIX M. KEESING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 144 pp., 32 plates. Carnegie Library call no. 919 K15.



"In its simplest terms, the purpose of anthropology is to bring about an understanding of peoples of all times and places." Thus writes Felix M. Keesing, and throughout this book he endeavors to explain Pacific

peoples and their customs in terms understandable to the American reader. "The peoples themselves," he tells us, "are among the most interesting of human groups, ranging today from thoroughly Westernized persons such as an educated Filipino, Javanese, or Maori to forest pigmies and roving 'sea gypsies.'" In many outward matters these peoples differ from us, but they are motivated by many of the same ubiquitous human traits as the following quotations testify: "A Westerner may understand better the obedience of natives to local custom if he asks why he himself, without being in danger of arrest from a policeman, keeps the festival of Christmas, salutes the flag, and does not interrupt a prayer during church service. . . . These people are just as sensitive about callers behaving properly in their houses as are Westerners, and the latter will not expect visitors to come in through the coal cellar, or appreciate having a stranger poke around in bedroom closets."

There is probably no portion of the world about which generalizations are more unsafe. Racial backgrounds, lan-

guages, and customs may exhibit similarities over vast areas or differ radically in two adjacent valleys. Professor Keesing pictures the complexity of a portion of the area most graphically: "Malaysia might be looked upon as a huge mixing bowl into which, through thousands of years, human groups migrating from Asia have deposited their varying quotas of racial ingredients. In turn, these have spilled over the other side of the bowl from time to time into the Oceanic areas. Here and there within the bowl, lumps of the old materials have managed to keep their identity in the cracks and eddies—that is, in the deep forests, mountains, and swamps—and therefore may still be seen today. The mass of humans in the region, however, now consists of various mixtures and fusions." Polynesia, in contrast, is one of the most recently populated parts of the world, albeit the outrigger canoes of the Polynesians, Vikings of the Pacific, grated on its far-flung strands centuries before our ancestors braved the Atlantic.

Four centuries of white conquest and overlordship have but added to the complexities. In some places the old way of life has been largely superseded and "The traveler must not be disappointed. . . if he has to wait until he gets to a museum back home to see what the old-time equipment of many of these island peoples was really like." Elsewhere, ancient societies persist within sight of Westernized cities. "The great range from the extremely modern to the little-touched savage is sensed perhaps best in Manila, where the visitor can stand on an up-to-date boulevard and look across to Mariveles

Mountain on the Bataan Peninsula where shy Negritos still live in the forest recesses.

In these days of widespread concern over our ineptitude in handling certain phases of the occupation of conquered areas, and as our failures spur us to work harder to achieve humanitarian goals, Keesing offers one encouraging note: "In general, however, even the white man's régime at its worst is likely to seem rosy to natives who have been under Japanese control."

Every scientist surfeited with tales of somnolent natives lolling on black sand beaches while coconuts drop in their laps—horrible thought—will second the forthright statement: "Contrary to much popular opinion, native peoples in the tropics obviously do not get their food and other necessities without real effort. The myth of the lazy native has come either from superficial observation of native work habits or from the fact that many native groups have not been interested in working as laborers in the white man's service."

Actually, millions of people, especially in Malaysia, have economic problems even more pressing than ours, although the staples of life for which they labor are apt to be rice, cassava, and beans, rather than wheat, potatoes, and beef. The Oriental custom of usury, with interest rates reaching several hundred per cent per annum, is widespread. Some of the islands are overcrowded: Java, about the size of New York state, teems with fifty million persons. In contrast, the Sarawak portion of Borneo, almost identical with Java in size, harbors less than half a million people. Attachment to ancestral homes is not the only factor restricting migration. "Many of the poorest people cannot move, not only because they have no resources to stake their venture, but also because they are in debt to landlords who will not release them. They would be sent to prison if they tried to leave. This helps to explain the apparent paradox that so much land in Malaysia still remains

little populated, while other areas are crowded."

I found each of the chapters interesting, but I lodge a complaint that many were too brief. As one concerned with both the scientific and purely personal aspects of diet, a few pages on food and eating habits, sandwiched into the chapter on livelihood, left me hungry for more. Poi is perhaps not an epicurean's dream—I have been told that in some areas it tastes like spoiled wallpaper paste—but crossword puzzle fans will be shocked that it goes unmentioned in a book on the Pacific. Health and diseases, often alluded to in the text, might, I believe, have been made the subject of a separate chapter. The chapter on "Religion" is notable for its historic perspective and dispassionate discussion of the impact of various faiths upon the islanders, to whom religion means "more than it does to the average white man."

The book is profusely illustrated with varied and well reproduced photographs. The three maps in the text are too small to encourage scrutiny, and are naked of grid lines. There is a brief appendix of basic information, a most useful brief chronology from 500,000 years ago to 1939, and a detailed index.

I was happy when I learned that the task of interpreting the peoples of the Pacific world had been entrusted to Felix Keesing, for the magnitude of the area encompassed and the diversity of its inhabitants defy summarization by anyone other than an experienced scholar. He has done an excellent job of presenting the islanders to us as "thoroughly human people" with "the same general needs and interests, the same problems and anxieties, as the man in New York or London. . . ." To satisfy fully his definition of anthropology, he should now undertake the more difficult task of explaining the vagaries of Westerners to the islanders, who must be confused by the facility with which the advocates of human brotherhood use flame throwers and atomic bombs.

## THE EDITOR'S DESK

Lawrence C. Woods, Jr., and John M. Lazear have been named Honorary Curators of the Carnegie Museum. Both men have taken an active interest in the work of the Museum over a considerable period of time.

Mr. Woods, who is the manager of the Woods Agency of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, accompanied J. Kenneth Douth on the 1938 expedition to Hudson Bay and was the sponsor of the walrus and polar bear collections at that time. He organized the 1941 trip to British Columbia, again traveling with Mr. Douth on the expedition.

As deputy state administrator for the War Savings Staff, Mr. Woods organized western Pennsylvania for the early war bond campaigns. He is a trustee of the Sewickley Valley Hospital and treasurer of the Public Health Nursing Association of Allegheny County. A graduate of Princeton University, he becomes president of the Harvard-Yale-Princeton Club this month.

Mr. Lazear has given a number of mammal specimens to the Museum in the past, captured on expeditions in British Columbia with Richard K. Mellon.

He is director, vice-president, and treasurer of the Boiler Tube Company of America, a director of the Commonwealth Trust Company of Pittsburgh and of the Thermal Products Corporation. Also, he is a director of the Allegheny Council, Boy Scouts of America, and of the Tuberculosis League of Pittsburgh. During World War II he has served as Major in the United States Army.

♦♦♦

The citation accompanying the Bronze Star recently awarded to First Lieutenant John R. Clark for meritorious service with the United States Army from March 15 to October 24, 1944, demonstrates how Lieutenant Clark put to use in China his experience as assistant to J. LeRoy Kay on Carnegie Museum field trips before he enlisted. The citation mentions "his very unusual ability for work of this nature" and reads:

"Lieutenant Clark had the task of reconnoitering the road from Chungking, China, to the Chinese-Russian border near Khorgos, Sinkiang Province, and from Khorgos to Khotan on the Chinese-Indian border. The purpose of the trip, which he made with one Chinese interpreter and a jeep, and on which he traveled over 10,000 miles was to secure data on roads, bridges, weather, terrain, water, inhabitants' political conditions, parking areas and compounds for the use of a convoy of 500 trucks which were to travel the route from the Persian Gulf to Kunming."

♦♦♦

One thousand and fifty veterans are enrolled at Carnegie Institute of Technology this semester under the G. I. Bill of Rights, nearly three times the number of ex-service men who entered last fall. The majority are studying in the College of Engineering and Science.

Carnegie's over-all registration figure approaches 3,000 with 1,975 attending day classes and 936, the evening.

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